

The Historie

O, the deuill take such coofeners, God forgive mee,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
Deliuier them vp, without their ransome ftraight,
And make the Douglas fonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
Which I fhall fend you written, be affur'd
Will eafily be granted you, my Lord.
Your fonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hotfpur. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Briftow the Lord Scroope:
I fpeake not this in eftimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely ftayes but to behold the face
Of that occafion that fhall bring it on.

Hotfp. I fmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou ftill letft flipe.

Hot. Why, it cannot chufe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioine with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And fo they fhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 'tis no little reafon bids vs fpeed,
To fave our heads, by raifing of a head:
For beare our felues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnfatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And fee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ftrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

of Hen

Hot. He does, he does, weeke

Wor. Coofen, farewell. No fi
Then I by letters fhall direct
When time is ripe, which wil
He fteale to Glendower, and
Where you and Douglas, an
As I will fafhion it, fhall harp
To beare our fortunes in our
Which now we hold at much

Nor. Farewel good brother,

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the
Till fields, and blowes, and gr

Enter a Carrier with

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it
hangd, Charles waine is ouer
horfe not packt. What Ofterle

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prethee Tom, beate
the point, poore iade is wrung

Enter another

2 Car. Peafe and beanes are
is the next way to gine poore i
vpfide downe fince Robin Ofter

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer i
it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the m
road for fleas, I am ftung like a

1 Car. Like a Tench: by th
ften could be better bit, then h

2 Car. Why, they will allow
leake in your chimney, and yo
aloach.

1 Car. What, Ofterle, come

2 Car. I haue a gammon of
ger, to be deliuered as farre as C

1 Car. Gods body, the Tur
ued: what Ofterle a plague on th
head: an't not heare, and 'tw